Alb. We will greet the time.

Bast. To both these sisters haue I sworne my loue,
Each iealous of the other, as the sting are of the Adder,
Which of them shall I take, both one
Or neither; neither can be enioy'd
If both remaine aliue: to take the Widdow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister *Gonorill*,
And hardly shall I carry out my side
Her husband being aliue. Now then wee'l vse
His countenance for the battell, which being done
Let her that would be rid of him deuise
His speedy taking off: as for his mercie
Which he extends to *Lear* and to *Cordelia*,
The battell done, and they within our power,
Shall neuer see his pardon: for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. *Exit*

Alarum. Enter the powers of France ouer the stage, Cordelia with her Father in her hand.

Enter Edgar and Gloster.

Edg. Heere Father, take the shadow of this bush
For your good hoast: pray that the right may thriue.
If euer I returne to you againe,
Ile bring you comfort. *Exit*

Glo. Grace go with you sir.

Alarum and retreat. *Enter Edgar.*

Edg. Away olde man, giue me thy hand, away,
King *Lear* hath lost, he and his daughter tane:
Giue me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No farther sir, a man may rot euen heere.

Edg. What in ill thoughts agen? Men must endure,
Their going hence, euen as their comming hither,
Ripenesse is all come on. *Exit.*

Enter Edmund, with Lear and Cordelia prisoners.

Bast. Some officers take them away, good guard,
Vntill their greater pleasures best be knowne
That

That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who with best meaning ha
For thee oppressed King an
My selfe could else out-fro
Shall we not see these daug

Lear. No, no, come let
We two alone will sing lik
When thou dost aske me b
And aske of thee forgiuen
And pray, and tell old tales
At gilded Butterflies, and
Talke of Court newes, an
Who looses, and who wi
And take vpon's the myste
As if we were Gods spies
In a walld prison, packes a
That ebbe and flow by the

Bast. Take them away.

Lear. Vpon such sacrifi
The gods themselues thro
He that parts vs shall bring
And fire vs hence like Fox
The good shall deuoure e
Ere they shall make vs we

Bast. Come hither Cap
Take thou this note, go fo
One step I haue aduanc't
Thou dost make thy way
Know thou this, that men
To be tender minded doe
Thy great employment w
Either say thou do't, or t

Cap. Ile doot my Lord.

Bast. About it, and wri
Marke I say instantly, and
As I haue set it downe.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C34